

Song of the Flea

( Dedicated to Harold Wilson who said he was as fit as one.  
The flea is pronounced in the Irish manner like 'tea'  
becomes 'tay')

Our Prime Minister 'arry is as fit as a flea,  
and no bloody wonder I hear people say,  
for in that flea circus called Parliament House,  
there's plenty of scope for a bloody wee louse.

A parasite flabby, he now feels secure,  
he's sucked for so long on the blood of the poor -  
the son of a chaist in a nation of mugs,  
he lived as a pedlar of political drugs.

Hamsey MacDonald was his idol they say.  
Yes, one was a rat, t'other - a flea !  
They called themselves "Labour" -by Christ what a joke -  
you'd surely need salt for that pig in a poke.

He now has resigned after 'serving his time',  
he's fattened himself and he feels in his prime -  
but look at the nation and what can you say  
of the legacy left by 'arry the Flea ?

The poor they grow poorer, the school meals are cut,  
he put us in Europe, and we're stuck in the rut,  
he soft soaped Rhodesia, helped Ulster aflame,  
and treacherously tarnished the socialist name.

Oh, the papers all praise this magnificent Flea,  
for the louse served the bosses so well in his day,  
- but even a child won't swallow teir tripe,  
and 'arry the Flea can put that in his pipe.

Don't weep and don't cry, we won't feel 'arold's loss,  
there's thousands more like him to arse-lick the boss,  
as Dean Swift once said, we're not short of that iten -  
we have fleas upon fleas and so.....infinite !

POSTSCRIPT

These 'Labour' frauds, they wear red ties,  
and sully 'Labour's name.  
What's red about them ? Well may you ask !  
They should be red with shame .

Freddy Anderson March 1976